

Lapland Song.

By Sir M. W. Ridley.

THE snows are dissolving on TORNE's rude side,
And the ice of LULHEA flows down the dark tide!
Thy dark streams, O LULHEA! flow freely away,
And the snow-drop unfolds her pale beauties to day.

Remote, the keen terrors of Winter retire,
Where the North's dancing streamers relinquish their fire;
Where the Sun's genial beams swell the bud on the tree,
And ZENNA chaunts forth her wild warblings with glee.

The rein-deer, unharnes'd, in freedom shall play,
And safely o'er ODON's steep precipice stray:
The Wolfe to the forest's recesses shall fly,
And howl to the moon as she glides thro' the sky.

Then hasten my fair LHEA; ah! hasten to the grove;
And pass the sweet season in rapture and love:
In youth let our bosoms with exstacy glow,
For the winter of life ne'er a transport can know.

